

Whalesong

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University of Alaska Southeast, Juneau Campus

April 26, 1999

Housing receives chilly wake-up

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

Drop out scholar gives student housing a 5 a.m. wake-up call as he pulls the fire alarm on his way to the airport to fly to New Jersey. Police and housing officials apprehended Charles P. Gorry as he attempted to flee the crime scene. Like the Canadian Mounties, student housing officials always get their man.

As Juneau's finest shackled and escorted Gorry to the State Police building, many G-building residents were left to wonder who the real culprit was. Gorry, who decided to "rage against the machine" decided to play one more practical joke because he wanted to get his kicks before the whole shit house went up in flames.

"It was cold, I was tired and my shoes fell off. We had nowhere to go and were hurt because some bastard with gorilla-like qualities thought it would be cute to wake everybody up," said one anonymous resident of the G-building. "I can't confirm nor deny that I saw Mr. Gorry pull the alarm, I just know he was closest to the alarm when it went off."

Gorry was charged, arrested and released on his own recognizance and got a ride back to student housing from the arresting officer. The

officer knew he was Jersey-bound and issued an official warrant for failure to appear, as would not make it to court that same day. Like Bob Dylan once said, "I was standing on the side of the road, rain falling on my shoe. Heading out for the East coast, Lord knows I paid my dues, getting through, tangled up in blue."

The alarm had been identified as being tripped at G-7, an apartment that has had its fair share of noise complaints this semester, to say the least. Most of the faults for these noise complaints were laid upon one G-7 resident, a veteran, a patriot, an artist, and a poet in his own writ. His roommate/cook/undercover C.A., Wello, said "I didn't see the culprit get dragged away, I was too busy getting threatened by neighbors," he said hysterically. "He was arrested for his own good, because he probably would've gotten hurt. Many residents wanted to take up arms against the culprit."

The entire incident was rumored to have been provoked by a previous strategic raid of "Party Headquarters" by the police, campus security, and housing authority to apprehend a Korean expatriate, illegal alien known to the world as "Slosh." Slosh had gone from a computer science major to a fall-down drunk in less than a semester. Although he was not to be found, two Juneau officers were able to reach their quota of minor-consuming violations. Pandemonium struck and panic was in the air as Gorry's guests attempted to flee from windows, being caught by a strategically placed officer. Tickets were handed out as a blooming amateur photographer captured the moment on film forever. Police were left to question this world as it is to be known, as they caught a minor male in a toga with his foot out the window.

The lesson to be learned from this whole night's fiasco, is we must choose our friends wisely and never trust a man from New Jersey with the nickname "Mr. Monogamy." Because knowing him is just like being in the depths of an ether-binge, although fun at times you're most likely to end up going home gagged, shackled and impasse in the arms of a polar bear.

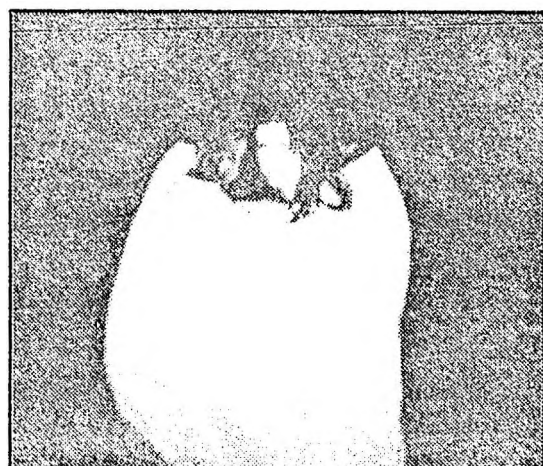


Photo by Roger Jacobson

G-2 girls huddle outside in the predawn after the fire alarm was pulled.

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University of Alaska Fairbanks



Photo by Dave Gelotte

The glamorous and modest staff of the Whalesong would like to thank all of the little people who have made this possible, and most of all: YOU! Our fans.

*To our friend Dave,
Thanks for the generous photo shoot.
We've never looked so good!
--The Glamorous Whalesong Staff*

University experiences budget woes

By Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong Reporter

The drop in the price of oil worldwide affects you as a University of Alaska student at places other than the gas pump. Lower oil prices reduce revenues earned by the state of Alaska, and currently the Alaska state legislature faces a one billion dollar budget gap between state revenues and state expenditures. And you thought your budget was in bad shape.

As the legislature tries to cut expenditures to compensate for the budget shortfall, the University of Alaska is requesting a \$16.3 million dollar increase in state funding for its operating budget. It doesn't look like this increase in allowance will be forthcoming. But if the university were granted its request, it would spend the money in the following ways, according to the "University of Alaska FY00 Budget Request" and an impact statement prepared for the House Finance Committee (figures are approximate):

\$2 million to fill vacant faculty positions in the core

program areas and improve library holdings; \$2 million to provide support for technology and modernize outdated equipment; \$.75 million to enhance student services such as student assessment, financial aid, student recruitment, and campus security; \$1.3 million for faculty to meet employment needs in health, teacher education, and vocational programs; \$1.3 million for basic and applied research; \$5.6 million for salary increases; \$3.3 million for general fixed cost increases

Currently, the university generates 58 cents out of every budget dollar through tuition, fees, grants, and other revenues. The rest of the total budget is funded by the State of Alaska. If the university's operating budget is not increased to a sufficient level, areas to feel the pinch could include fewer faculty, fewer course sections, and a related reduction in revenues. Already, since 1996, "149 faculty positions have been lost. . . hundreds of course sections have been eliminated, enrollment has declined, federal receipts and the associated indirect cost revenues have significantly diminished," according to the impact statement.

In a letter to university supporters dated April 5, 1999, UA President Mark Hamilton said, "The University has reorganized, reallocated, reengineered and reduced to the point that there is nowhere left to go without significant abandonment of our mission...." In an e-mail message Vice President for University Relations Wendy Redman said, "President Hamilton has indicated that he will fight to the last day for what he believes this University needs to meet the needs of Alaska and Alaskans." The president appeared before the joint House/Senate Finance Committees in February, and Redman said he was "quite a hit—personally and as a spokesperson for UA."

At last report, the Alaska House of Representatives had suggested that an additional \$5.6 million dollars be allocated to the university, while the Senate suggested \$7.6 million. According to Hamilton's letter, "The fixed costs alone, which include modest negotiated pay increases and unavoidable operating expenses, total \$8.9 million." The budget is still under discussion in the legislature, but it should be finalized by the end of the legislative session on May 19.

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Letters to the Editor

Is the U.S. taking care of its own?

By Ben Bayer
Graduate Student
The University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

In case the reports of massive ethnic cleansing in Kosovo were not enough to turn your stomach, seeing the bruised faces of captured American servicemen on Serbian TV ought to do the trick. In response to this outrage, President Clinton issued a stern warning to the government of Yugoslavia, declaring that "The United States takes care of its own." The brutal irony of this oft-quoted sound bite is that if the U.S. were renowned for "taking care of its own," it would not have involved its fighting men in this conflict—and staff sergeants Ramirez and Stone, and specialist Gonzales would not have been captured in the first place.

For what kind of foreign policy is the United States renowned? Quite simply: refusing to protect its own interests and people and sacrificing these same interests and people for everything else. The bombing of Yugoslavia is just the latest example of a series of foreign policy actions dedicated to the proposition that America does not care for its own.

When the U.S. sent its troops to be butchered in the streets of Mogadishu, Somalia, it was not taking care of its own.

When the U.S. attempted to "moderate" relations with

Iran—a country that openly supports anti-American terrorist groups and is suspected of orchestrating the recent bombing of U.S. barracks in Saudi Arabia—it was not taking care of its own.

When the U.S. capitulated time and time again to the Libyan government, and thus the terrorists who blew up Pan Am flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, remained at large in Libya for more than a decade, it was not taking care of its own.

When the U.S. continually granted trade favors to China, a brutal dictatorship threatening U.S. interests, including suspected nuclear espionage at Los Alamos, it was not taking care of its own.

When the U.S. sent troops to "keep the peace" in Haiti, but then sent the Baltimore Orioles to play in Cuba in spite of protests by thousands of Cuban Americans, it was not taking care of its own.

When the U.S. sent a paltry few cruise missiles to blow up tents in Afghanistan as its only response to Osama bin Laden's terrorist attacks at U.S. embassies in Africa, it was not taking care of its own.

Regardless of whether the American POWs will be released, their unnecessary and unacceptable ordeal portends a grim future for Americans around the globe. In case there is a nation left on Earth that still thinks that the U.S. takes care of its own, the Yugoslav crisis will

forever erase this impression. If anything, the crisis in Yugoslavia will only make them realize that there are plenty of Americans waiting to become victims of capture and terrorism.

The voices who favor bombing Yugoslavia—and who favor sending ground troops to "finish" the job—argue that it is necessary to avert a major humanitarian crisis. Others argue that full-scale intervention is necessary to preserve the credibility of U.S. foreign policy. Observe that both of these goals—the protection of the brutalized Kosovars or the preservation of the U.S. image in the eyes of other countries—are to be achieved at the cost of American money and lives, without benefiting any proper American interest in the least.

Contrary to the arguments by those pushing for U.S. intervention, to refrain from sending our troops is not to sanction the atrocities committed by the Serbs. On the contrary, to refrain from senselessly sacrificing the best of America's men is to reassert a proper foreign policy—one dedicated to protecting the rights of American citizens. If only the American government were to make that principle its own consistent moral compass—in foreign and domestic policy—our example would stand as a beacon to a stormy world. And that is the best that we can and should ever hope to offer.

Photo credit correction: In issue 11, the photo of Wilson hitting a volleyball was attributed to Mike Heiman. The picture was actually taken by Sara Martin, who is a great photographer.

Error Correction: In last issue's article about the National Guard, Sergeant Russell Beal's name was misspelled. We would like to humbly apologize and say that Russ is not only an enthusiastic spokesman and terrific asset to the Guard, but a great Ultimate Frisbee player as well.

Whalesong

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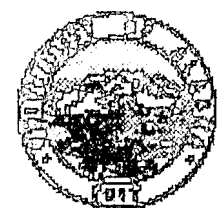
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The University of Alaska Southeast student newspaper, *The Whalesong*, is a bi-monthly publication with a circulation of 1500 copies per issue. *The Whalesong's* primary audience is UAS students, although its broader audience includes faculty, staff, and community members. *The Whalesong* will strive to inform and entertain its readers, analyze and provide commentary on the news, and serve as a public forum for the free exchange of ideas. The staff of *The Whalesong* values freedom of expression and encourages reader response.

The Whalesong editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material written by non-staff members. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska and reflect only those of the author(s). The editorial staff is solely responsible for content.

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Editor's Finale

Seeing's how it's the very last *Whalesong* I'll ever edit, I thought it was about time to write another editorial. I had a lot of fun writing them last semester, but eventually became something of an idea snob. It seemed weird to me that my random ideas were taking up so much space in a paper paid for with student fees. It was also weird to me that people were enjoying reading them so much. I never had the nerve to really put myself on the line, so it wasn't even my best writing. Actually, this isn't an editorial. It's a few paragraphs I hope will spare me the hassle of constantly defending some of the things printed in this paper, and apologizing for others.

When I very first took this job, I said I would print anything and everything given to me by students. I'm proud to say, I've stuck to that. (Twice, items haven't made the final cut due to space. In both cases, the writer had other pieces printed.) I've published some pretty weird shit. And I've taken a lot of heat for it. But I stand by the right of students to print whatever is on their minds. That's why they call it a student paper. If something has offended you (as it probably has, and I can't say I blame you), you have always had the opportunity to write a letter about it. I've printed them all.

I've enjoyed getting anonymous contributions. I feel like I've really given students a forum to express themselves freely. I'm proud of that. Some of these pieces were beautiful gems. Others were seriously freaky. It wasn't my job to judge—just to publish.

Not everyone agrees with that. After every issue, I've had a few people say to me: "Isn't it your job to 'edit' out stupid material?" No. It's just job to 'edit' these pieces, and the grammar has mostly been good.

I'm sorry about the times time-consuming technical disasters or late nights have frustrated us into letting mistakes slide. The paper's been far from perfect, and we know it. Please have some class and quit insulting it in front of me. Do you think that doesn't bother me? Well it does.

I figured out one week how many hours I put in, divided by my stipend. I made about 30 cents an hour. So get off my back.

I've had so much fun putting this paper together that I don't mind the hard work and lack of money. And I've learned more than at any other job so far. This staff and our satellites are some of the coolest, most talented, and most bizarre people I've ever had the pleasure (usually) of working with. If you didn't like the result, you wouldn't still be reading it.

Basically, the free speech of eloquent voices you agree with doesn't need to be protected. I'll say no more on the matter.

Thank you for letting me edit your little paper, for all the contributions (regardless of quality), and all the positive feedback. There's been a lot, and we REALLY appreciate it. A lot. That makes the crazy hours and insensitive jibes worthwhile.

Have a great summer, and life thereafter. Oh, while I have your attention, if anyone has a lead on a cool job, house-sitting gig, or bike for sale, let me know. Thanks.

—Amelia



Two kayaks sail into the ORC

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

The Outdoor Recreation Center is purchasing two new Dagger Atlantis kayaks to replace the two kayaks destroyed in the Fall 1998 semester. These kayaks are being bought through the Juneau Outdoor Center, and the ORC has qualified for the "Goodwill Program" which greatly reduces the cost of replacement.

On October 20, 1998, two students rented kayaks around 3:30 p.m. for use on Auke Lake. There had been a break in the rainy weather, and students were itching to get out in the sun. The water was very high, and a creek out of Auke Lake was flowing swiftly. The two students attempted to kayak down the creek in the ocean kayaks, abandoning the boats, resulting in \$2,796 in total damage. Luckily the students escaped serious injury; the boats didn't.

Now that the kayaks have been partially paid for, the ORC is purchasing two new kayaks because of students'

high interest and the turn of the seasons. With the weather getting nicer, students have actually already made reservations for renting the new kayaks. The new boats are made of a composite material, (basically plastic) not made from fiberglass like the last two.

Administrative Assistant Dave Kleinpeter said, "Regardless of what the kayaks are made of, no ocean-designed kayak is intended for what they went through. Our getting plastic boats is not our way of encouraging people to use the boats in that way. It is more to save us on minor repairs in the future."

The new kayaks will be more sturdy than the last ones, but they will need to be used safely and respectfully for them to last. "With any of our equipment whether it's snowshoes, kayaks or snowboards, the person renting the equipment is expected to know how to use it properly and to treat it as though it is their own," said Kleinpeter. "Common sense would have prevented losing the kayaks in the first place. The action taken by these two students were felt by everybody else."

Even though the ORC is a small outfit at the moment, there are plans and ideas for it to grow in the near future. "One of the goals of the ORC is to be able to train and teach students how to use the equipment through workshops," said Kleinpeter. "A lot of people are intimidated by outdoor equipment, so they don't rent out the equipment. It would be nice to offer some classes on how to use the equipment. The workshops would not only teach how to use the equipment, it could also be a tool in developing leadership skills, confidence, teamwork and many other qualities you can't find in a classroom. There's a lot of things you can do with a solid outdoor program."

The ORC has made it a point to stay up to date with their equipment and has plans to sell the older equipment and to purchase more. Cross country skis, boots and poles are the first to be replaced, as well as the double fiberglass kayak that they wish to replace. Details still need to be worked out, but the plan is to have a sort of "garage sale" early next fall.

Administrators talk about upcoming issues

By Whalesong Staff

An advantage to UAS is that the high-level administrators take the time to meet informally with students. That is who universities are set up to serve, right?

On Monday, April 19, soon-to-be-chancellor John Pugh and Director of Student Services, Bruce Gifford met with students in the UAS Housing Lodge to discuss issues of concern to students, and changes the university is looking forward to. The group discussed the hiring of new faculty, discipline at the dorms, a proposed health fee, possible changes to the meal plan, and the proposed Student Union building.

Students were given a chance to browse the resumes of new hires and discuss the choices, and the impact these choices will have on academic programs. The new faculty members will strengthen the emphasis on marine biology and fisheries. The Environmental Science Program will also grow by two faculty members.

Students expressed concern about some peers who had been asked to leave student housing. One student felt these cases had been dealt with too harshly, and on other campuses would have been allowed to stay on probation a full year before being "kicked off." The student felt

it was especially poor taste to ask students to leave during the stressful last few weeks of the semester. Gifford responded that students with a 0.0 GPA from the Fall semester were allowed back into housing despite the stipulation that residents must complete a full 12-credit load with at least a 2.0. These students were expected to attend meeting to discuss their academic progress. Gifford was impressed with the honesty of students who would tell him they had difficulty attending class because of too many late nights, filled with drinking and smoking various things. But he was not impressed with their discipline. "We don't want to give the impression that you can get by at UAS even if you don't go to class," he said. The student expressed concern for friends who were not allowed back on housing property, and had nowhere to go. "It's not like they can buy a Greyhound ticket home."

There are currently 41 students living in Banfield Hall, roughly half the building's capacity.

The administrators have noticed that the \$20 drop fee was causing students problems, particularly at the end of the semester when it put a block on grades or registration for the next semester. UAS is now planning to end that fee, even though the money lost from that decision would almost pay for a full-time position.

There is a proposal to add a health fee. Many campuses charge students a flat rate to help pay for that health services the campus offers. Students expressed concern with

the limited health services provided at UAS, and confidentiality issues concerning the services that are available.

As early as next year, UAS is looking to switch to an on-line book purchasing service. Pugh said this could save students up to 40percent on text books each semester.

The meeting included some discussion of possible changes to the meal plan. Few students use the Mount Cafeteria on weekends, and it was suggested that the school save money by providing a weekend alternative to students.

The reign of the freezing classrooms in the Hendrikson Annex is about to end. The education offices currently housed upstairs in the Hendrikson Building, will be moved into that space. The freed area in the Hendrikson Building will be re-modeled into classroom space for students.

Much discussion at the meeting focused on the proposed student union building. One conceptual idea for use of that space appears below.

Students with questions or concerns about any of these issues should contact a student senator or administrator.



Photo by Amelia Jenkins
Bruce Gifford and John Pugh meet with student at the Housing Lodge to discuss student issues.

I Am a Flute

I am a flute.

*The Breath blows from top my head.
My body has specific openings.
These openings when fingered create tones.*

These tones give off vibrations—

*That bird is a flute.
That snail crawling by is a flute.
That tree is a flute.*

And these vibrations create worlds.

—B



If you can't date, do research!

By Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong Reporter

When I looked up "dating" on the Internet, I expected to find myself exploring sites about the carbon-14 process. But my Yahoo! search engine led me straight to "Society and Culture: Relationships: Dating." From that jumping-off point I could have discovered what dating events were taking place on the 'Net, or I could have checked out the classifieds for personals and matchmaking services, or I could have gone to advertising to learn what books were available about dating, or, in the "Regional" section, I could have researched the dating habits of the wild Australian. I decided some depths were better left unplumbed.

I did, however, consider the wisdom of investigating Annette's Love Connection, Blind Date, CollegeDates.com, Gabriella's Lovepage, Jimbo's Big Book of Dating, Lucy Lipps, Rules for Dating in High School, and/or Southern California Social Guide. Through Astro Point I could "find a partner with a free astrological analysis"; at Date-O-Matic I could play "the cyberspace dating game." (By simply answering "a series of questions about your dating preferences," you too can "get matched up with your virtual soul mate.") Dating Doctor offered me "advice, information, and lectures about relationships," and the Dating Patterns Analyzer would "evaluate my relationships and tell me what makes me really happy." Thanks, I have my mom for that.

I was really tempted by "Cars, Sex, and the Birth of the Date - how cars moved the mating dance out of the parlor, off the porch swing and away from hovering mothers." I may follow that one up at some time in the future. The Ex-Girlfriends site, "dedicated to stories about your ex-girl-

friends," sounded like an on-line First Husband's Club. I was frightened away by the Guide to Love and Sex—I'm intimidated by a dating site sponsored by the manufacturer of condoms. And of course the Ultimate Girl Meeting Guide, even though it offers "facts, tips, and easy-to-use techniques for meeting and dating any woman, anywhere, at any time," held little interest for me.

Some current books on dating, if you're interested, include *101 Ways to Romance a Pretty Woman*, *How to Pick Up Women*, *Seven Magic Words*, and (the really scary one) *Man's Field Guide to Dating*. What am I, a moose?

I followed a link to <http://dating.miningco.com> and discovered what amounts to a dating magazine on-line, complete with photo of Brenda Ross, the dating maven. She looks a little like a younger Betty Crocker. From Brenda's table of contents, I selected "Dates from Hell," where I discovered the following listing:

A Horrifying Date from Hell!

Bad Dates - First date horror stories.

Dates from Hell - From the Orange County Register. Makes you really respect your VCR and that pint of Hagen Dazs in the freezer...don't it?

A Date from Hell Story - Shelly enjoyed going for a drive. She didn't enjoy driving herself, mind you. She liked to leave the driving to someone else, while she sat back and relaxed, happily taking in all the sights along the way. Muh ha ha ha.

Dave's Den - Relationship horror stories to read by the campfire with a bottle of Stoli and a BB gun...

Real Dates from Hell - What was your worst date of all time? Check out Brenda's own Dates from Hell collection.

I was disappointed to learn that the Web server could not find Shelly's file; her story sounds fascinating. I succeeded, however, in

reaching A Horrifying Date from Hell, where I read the story of little Lacey Crawford. Lacey's story comes from a book called *Dates From Hell (And A Few Moments Made In Heaven)*, written by Victoria Jackson and Mike Harris.

Lacey, while still a naive teenager, foolishly accepted a blind date. At the end of the evening her date took her back to his apartment, where they were met at the door by his drooling roommate George, naked except for his socks. Passing George, they reached the living room where Jackie, roommate #2, sat stoned on the couch, hookah in hand. To avoid disturbing Jackie's bliss, Lacey and her date entered the kitchen, where her date immediately began gobbling magic mushrooms. He fed a piece of bread to his two pet rats in the corner (sans cage), and Jackie's two pet quail immediately flew in the window and began squabbling with the rats over the bread. Finding the kitchen a little weird, Lacey retreated to the living room where a snake, presumably George's pet, slithered across the floor toward her. Lacey climbed onto the couch, climbed over Jackie, and made it to the front door and safety. I imagine little Lacey don't accept blind dates no more.

Tracy Taylor, a reporter for the *Daily Egyptian*, a publication of Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, wrote an article that echoes the potential for dating dangers. Found at the <dating.miningco.com> site under the headline "Bad dates can horrify more than Halloween," the article tells several horror stories and concludes with a quote from Nashibia Jett, a young woman whose date abandoned her at a party. She caught him in another room doing drugs. "Dating is dangerous," Jett says. "You never know who you are going to meet or what they are capable of."

The best date from hell story I found,

...continued on page 8

Paranoia means having all the facts

By b696126u
Whalesong Contributor

We are ruled by an articulately organized minority. Money is concentrated in the banks of less than 5% of our population. From such, political parties are chosen, financed, publicized, brought to office, and protected. Democracy has sold out to the rule of the rich—to the plutocracy: 1 dollar, 1 vote.

Technologized industry is being monopolized into one great city-state: techno-industrial megamonopolies. Who has access to controlling its technology, has access to controlling their society—by money, military, manufacture, media?

Put straight: America represents big business. Politicians who say different, say it for exorbitant prices. The problem is whether 250 million or over citizens will continue to allow some 540 congress-men to dictate to them their morals.

Politicians are bought and sold by entrepreneurs and tycoons, but the press still has the opportunity of being used by anyone.

Let me start with politics in law.

Many over-weight, dilly dallying, richly provided for talk-show watching people are griping that over \$120 a day is spent for "housing prisoners." \$120 a day does not mean each prisoner eats or uses \$120 of goods each day; it means some correctional officers are getting paid more than college-educated college teachers are, working in jobs that do not even require high school diplomas. This \$120 per prisoner translates to brand new Jeep Wranglers and 15-bedroom houses for prison's Deputy Commissioners.

Metal bunk, 2" thick plastic-wrap green matt, grey metal locker right: ten lined, side by side; two more perpendicular at end; thin grey wool blankets or loose-stitch white cotton, plastic green pillows, covers and sheets. White brick walls, grey concrete floors; grey 8-men metal tables, grey benches bolted on either side; white metal bathroom stalls with silver-grey steel toilets. Stone, steel, grey,

white: 20 unhappy strangers in unnaturally, fluorescent-lit, hollow rooms; filing together to meals with hundreds of others: through clanging steel grates, disembodied speakers, sterile halls, pushing crowds. Uniform corridors; stiff cotton blue issued clothes: nothing but white and grey-ness, hours long nights stretched out like bus depot or waiting-room unreality. Told how to be: constricted; controlled: caught in a gold-fish bowl. This is what juvenile detention centers, drug-treatment programs, correctional centers are.

The Juneau Empire writes that teen-agers go to JYC for committing crimes; but they also go there for not having a permanent residence address, a family, for leaving abusive foster care, not having someone to take them when cops pick them up past curfew, maybe drinking: people go to adult prisons for underage drinking, not paying fines for smoking, not having positive identification, cutting down a pine tree while barges full go to Washington for anybody; adults are made to piss on the Constitution for a teetotaler crucible of self-righteous courts supreme littleness.

While police take over \$20 an hour they go about picking up teen-agers for having a cigarette, a drink, for stealing candy bars. They drive around town all day until they hear of some kid who left his parent's house because they got in an argument over who should vacuum the living-room, then the police go and talk with the kid for an hour, then spend another hour writing a report calling the kid a criminal!

Look at shop-lifting: a shop-lifter can get 3 years for stealing a deli sandwich that would have been thrown out after 9 PM anyway, for stealing a magazine that would have its cover torn off then sent to a locked up dumpster that dump-trucks would come to pick up and add to already piled over garbage heaps in 2 to 4 weeks. And littering is criminal?

Now they want to add that a person who lets someone car surf is a criminal. One youth has been sentenced to

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College reflections

By Roger Jacobson
Whalesong contributor

College is an odd institution to comprehend. It is an extension of high school, yet unlike high school, students pay money for the privilege of learning and/or attaining a degree. The fact that students pay money for college education and then miss classes or skip homework is one of the oddities of college life.

It would seem that high school attitudes carry over into college, which would explain the irrational behavior of paying money for something without benefiting from the expenditure.

The idea of paying money to someone so they can load homework onto us seems absurd, yet this is partly what we pay for. We are paying to be taught by professional educators, much like an athlete would pay a professional trainer to turn him or her into a better athlete. The trainer will force the trainee to endure suffering—yet with the understanding that in the end, the trainee will be better for it all. The trainee may express frustration at the process, yet will stick with it if he or she values the imagined outcome.

College trains the mind, which requires hours of hunching and squinting, organizing, composing and so on. Those who resist the process impede their progress, yet as noted in the athlete analogy, frustration will be expressed and the dictates of the trainer will be resisted by some, if not by all students at one time or another. It is the imagined outcome that will see us through the process.

UAS Activities

April 26: Massages in Maurant Cafe 3-6pm

April 28: Massages in Maurant Cafe 11a-2pm

April 29-30: Acupressure in Lake Rm 12-2pm

May 3: Acupressure in the Lake Rm 12-2pm

May 4: Massages in Maurant Cafe 10a-1pm

May 5: Cinco de Mayo @ Tabby's Dreamland Lounge, 7pm \$2 Adm., UAS Spanish Club

Bad Poetry Not Guns

How do you tell Johnny it's important to do his papers
If Johnny in the next room is going to be
holding him hostage in the next period?

Sentences, semi-colons; parentheses, expositories,
Infinitives, intangibles; intolerable,
Poor guy has a lot on his mind.

When will come the day
You can just stick your head in the computer screen and be instantly enlightened?

Slightly ironic
He goes for a gin and tonic.
Just like his parents
Who too have had enough
But just can't stop drinking.

Then the thinkers all say
Why? Why all this tragedy?
Well it's really easy.
LSD and TV.
So now you can take a break
From all that heavy thinkin'

And buy me a drink.

the Joet



Shaking it with the belly-dancers
Photo by Amelia Jenkins

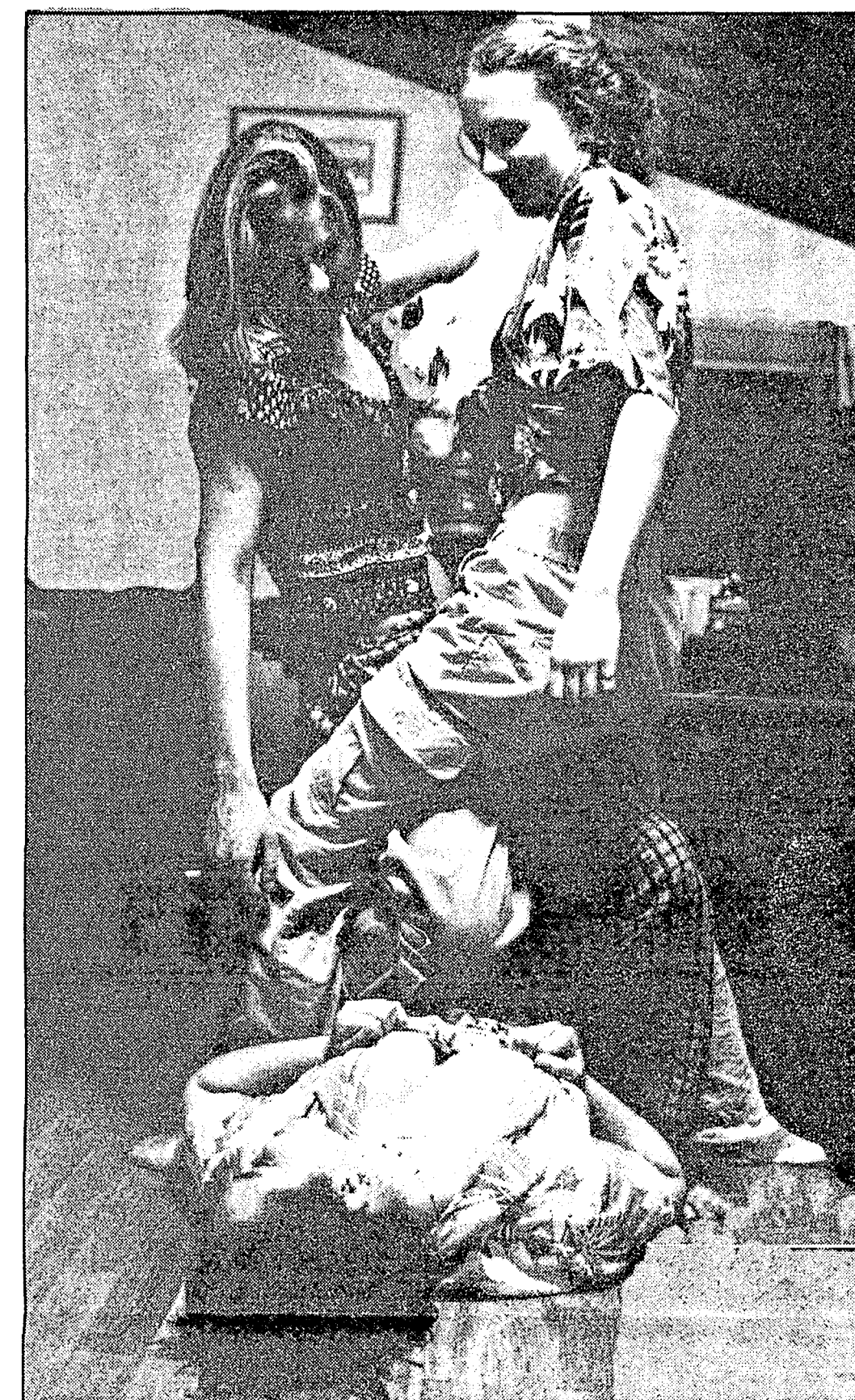
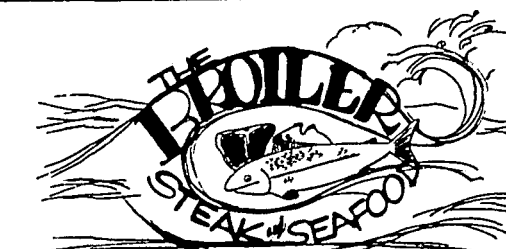


Photo by Kevin Gilling

Don't tell Mandy this picture's in the paper, okay?



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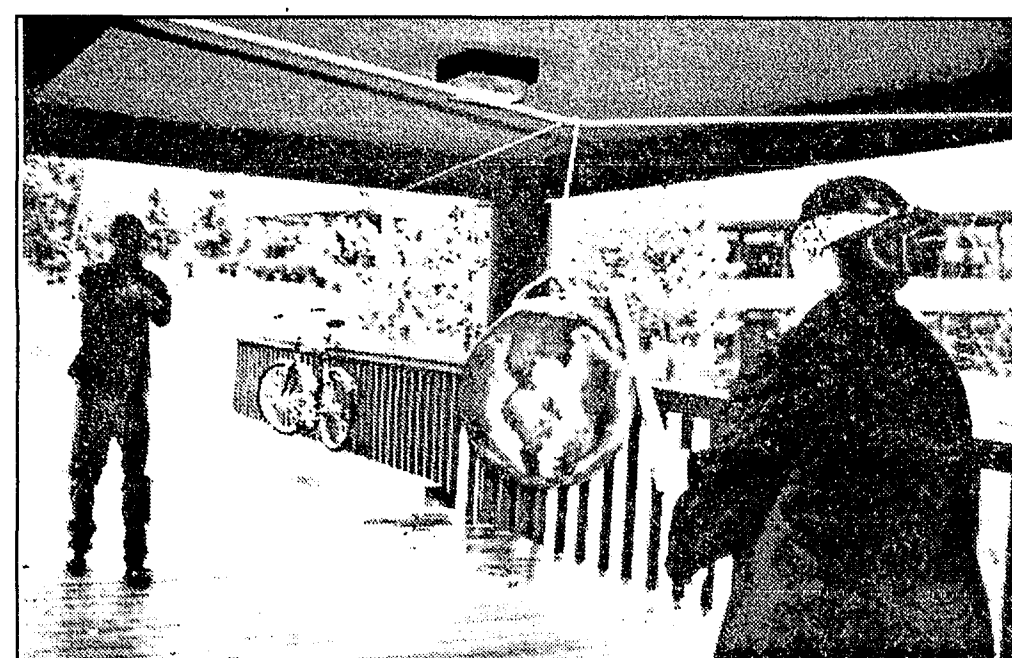


Photo by Wonder Russell
Spanish 102 student Rose Medeiros takes a swing at the world.... a pinata put together by the 202 Spanish class.

Sung during breaking the pinata

La pinata tiene caca...tiene caca
cacahuates de amonton
La pinata tiene cola...tiene cola
colaciones de amonton
Dale, dale, dale no pierdas el tino
Cuida la distancia que hay en el camino
Que si no le das, un palo te empino
Por que tienes cara de puro pepino!



Photo by Wonder Russell
The group of Spanish students who built the world pinata (inspired by Earth Day) proudly hold the battered remains of their labors.



Photo by Wonder Russell
With a mighty swat Wilson Walz successfully smashes the pinata.



Photo by Wonder Russell
Mclean Steadman has the weight of the world on his shoulders

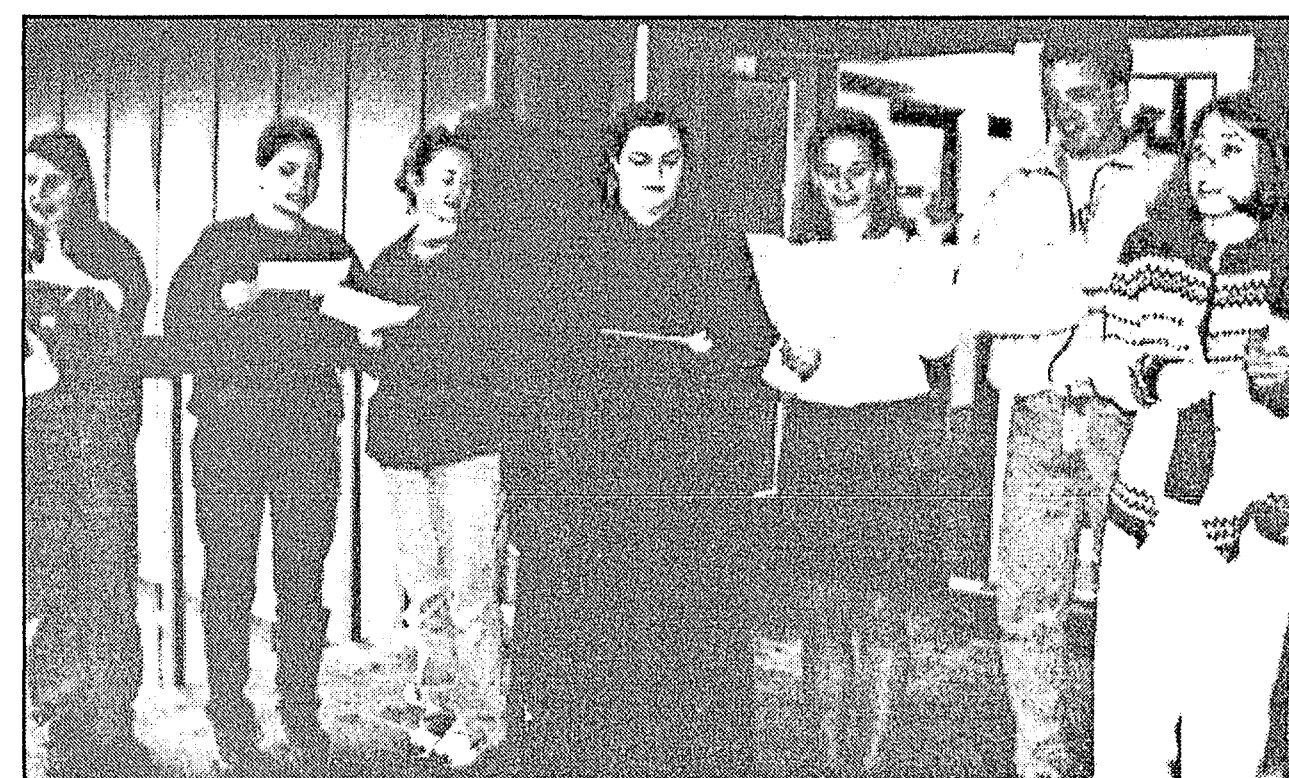


Photo by Wonder Russell
Students sing the pinata song in Spanish before one of them steps up to bat.

Internatioanl Faire on campus!



Photo by Wonder Russell
Thai student Pat displays items from his home as part of a show by the English as a Second Language students Thursday morning in Mourant Cafeteria



Photo by Wonder Russell
Spanish students performed their final projects, original group skits all in Spanish, for the campus Thursday morning and afternoon.



Photo by Amelia Jenkins
Regent Michael Burns and Elsa Demeksa talk with former exchange student Dugan Greenwell Thursday morning at the International Coffee Klatch held for the Regents and international students



Photo by Wonder Russell
Modeling a beautiful scarf/shawl from her home.



Photo by Wonder Russell
Another display of beautiful articles from the ELS students



Photo by Amelia Jenkins
The Daughters of the New Moon put on an energetic, visually unique, and once in a lifetime show for students at Housing



Photo by Wonder Russell
Amnesty International members Tia Anderson and Amy Randolph pose by their homemade, hand-decorated cupcakes

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Photo by Wonder Russell
I could be wrong, but I think I hear the faint strains of "I Want Candy".

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...Paranoia

...continued from page 4

gal; and when there could hardly be so much high crime and violence if drugs were not so dangerous to obtain here, while they could be cheaply grown by governmental agencies and put in carefully monitored situations: drug-communities.

People take offense at this, but placidly accept cinema and television, that have as much or more detrimental effects on society in terms of violence than marijuana, and create a pre-fabricated, revoltingly juvenile culture floundering round in a Renaissance of inanity. Movies are for people too poor to dream. Drugs have the advantage that they provide privately fabricated fantasies that are pacific and of a general higher ethical quality than what you would expect from the magazine-stand or comic-bins.

One man, one woman = one sexually repressed and frustrated man, one mistreated woman (or the reverse), plus how many similar children? Allow homosexual marriages, and you decrease the likelihood of more homosexual off-spring. If the people against same-sex marriages are married, and claim they are happily married, why do they act so afraid of not being able to enforce heterosexual marriage—why do they say if we do not force people to marry the opposite gender then there will be a sudden population decline, with rampant homosexuality?? Is there some innuendo from them, a little calling-card they are trying to secretly send out? 'I'm just with this woman for the greater good and fear of God'?

"English Only" does not exist. If we only used English-derived words, we would be left spoonerisms, onomatopoeic (or 'echo' words), brand names, slang, and other mostly (as 'English' hand-books would categorize) "vulgar" words. English is a looter's language: it is over 60% Latin, 25% Greek, taken over by the West Germanic, then lots of French, Italian, and bits from nearly everywhere else, Egypt, Arabia, the Netherlands, Native Americans, etc. Possibly it is because we have taken other people's languages in we have been taken in through so much of the world; where the French had to have wars for just about every little inch they thought they could take.

The moral is: to each their own life: to no one else, anyone else's. Justice begins and ends with freedom: only the protection of each individual's integral freedom should be considered in making laws or ethics.

Computer lab art

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

You might have noticed the computer lab evolve over the last several semesters into its own little art gallery. With the determination of the computer lab supervisor Scott Linzmeier and the gracious contributions of students and faculty, the lab has become a homey, more pleasant atmosphere to study.

Whether it is Van Gogh printsk on the wall, pottery or original paintings, the mood of the lab has become much more relaxing. "One of the first things I've done since I've become manager is try to improve the atmosphere in the lab," said Linzmeier. "I didn't want it to be a kind of sterile, just-get-your-homework-done lab. So the first thing I thought I could do to warm up the place was to get some color in the lab."

When Linzmeier first got the opportunity to make a difference in the environment at the computer lab, he immediately approached the art faculty to try to get their students to display their work. "At first they were really excited but nothing ever came of it. At that point I approached the art students themselves," he said. "One of the first students to show his work was Thane, who also did the mural."

The computer lab has become a forum of all different types of art genre. Ray Watkins and Rena Profeit have bead work and carvings on display in a glass case. There is an extensive collection of paintings by Erik Knudson, including a magnificent painting of a cheetah. And David Thomas has been periodically showing different pieces of his pottery all year long. There is also a collection of graphic art by Art 193 students, and the 2nd and 3rd grade class of Cathy Obersinner from the HarborView elementary school has helped decorate the education technologies classroom with their pastel interpretations of flowers by artist Georgia O'Keefe.

Art is a very important and creative curriculum that teachers should explore. "It the experience of creation that drives me. When I am throwing, I actually obtain that quiet space that is so elusive to most of us in this hurried modern-day world of ours," said Thomas. "Sometimes it feels as if I were just a witness to this process of creation. I don't always know what is going to occur or be created. Sometimes it just comes out of my hands like some crazy energy that needs to be released."

Much of the art on display is also for sale by the artists. "At this time I have primarily prints for sale on my website at www.ruralwideweb.rural.com/ekart.html, but interested parties can call me for prices on the paintings displayed," said Knudson.

The computer lab will also display art over the summer and hopes to get more contributions. "I have opened up the lab to all students and faculty. Elizabeth Schelle has offered to finish a painting for the lab, as well as Bruce Gifford," said Linzmeier. "I'm open to art in all forms."

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until 9:30p

Fri & Sat
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...Dating

...continued from page 4

To add the personal touch to my dating research, I decided to interview a friend whom I'll call Sylvia. She's in her mid-20s now, but I've known her since she was in high school. I figured by now she's had several years of dating experience, so I asked her opinion about cheap dates.

"Some of the best dates I've had have been free," she said. She told me about one memorable "free date" she went on in Los Angeles.

She and her date started out by walking the Santa Monica pier. "It was January, and not too crowded," she said. Later they went into a music store equipped with listening stations, where they shared their favorite music with each other. "We wandered for a

Help me

For I am breathing underwater

And the hiding stars evade me.

I am searching for a word

To express all that I'm feeling:

Was it desire? The word we used together—

Was it my own name that you whispered

Or was it tragedy?

Tall Cool Blonde

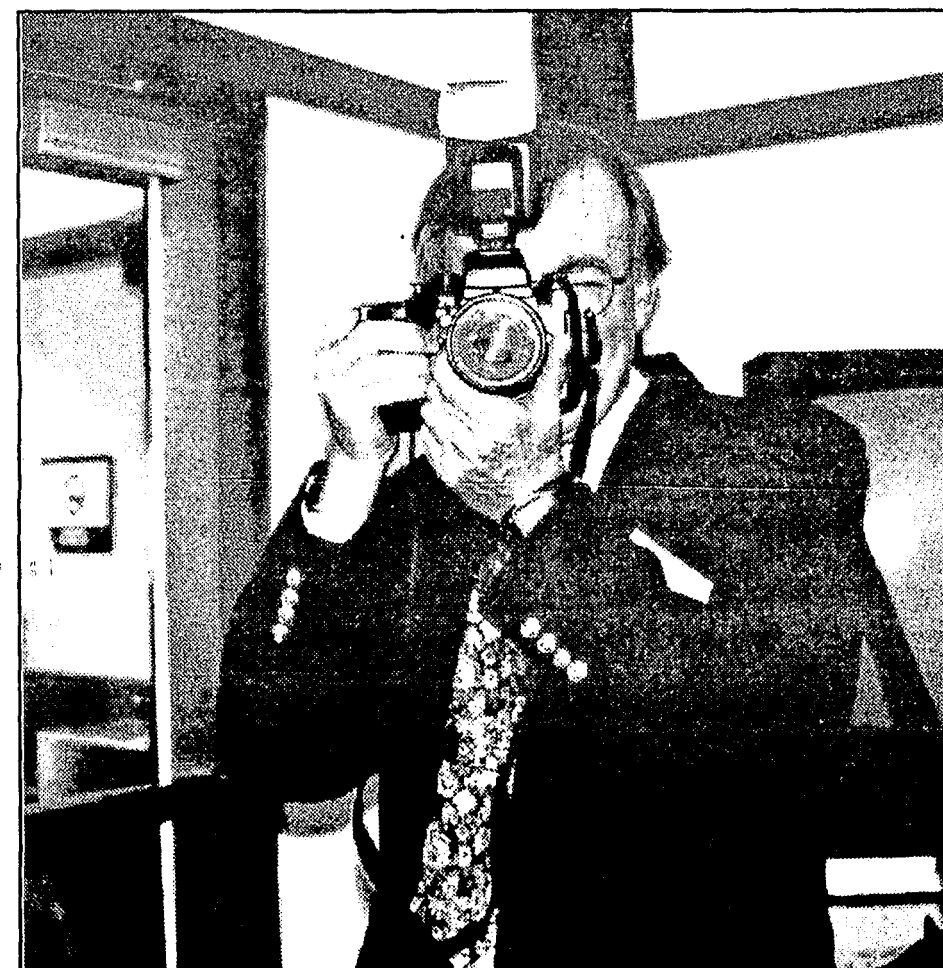


Photo by Wonder Russell

Scott Foster, thank you for all your help and support with the Whalesong! It's been a pleasure working with you.

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YEAR END

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FUN!

VOLLEYBALL!

GAMES!

When: Friday, April 30 4-6pm

Where: Maurant Courtyard

Sponsored by Student Government & Student Activities

Internationals

By Joe Parnell
Whalesong Reporter

Karla Kowolski led her Spanish students in a presentation called *El Mundo En Un Visitazo*, which means *The World In A Glance*, April 22 in the Maurant Building. Students selected 14 countries and they tried to demonstrate how the world is interrelated and how the U.S. envisions other countries. We need more understanding of each other they emphasized in a dynamic visual and interactive display complete with refreshments, wall-boards with photos and poetry, brochures and press releases. Their efforts showed lots of work, concern and style. Such groups make the university varied and add to our education. Hopefully we'll see more in the future. Kudos go to Vita Wilson, Tia Anderson, Jennifer Berg, Adrian Berg and Carlos Ortiz.



Longlasting traces of past desires
Are found, throughout my apartment,
It was more than love lost
(silly as it may seem),
But more love stolen.
(Maybe life lost)
Nothing was meant this way,
Little did she know, I had no control.

-James Thornton

Riding the prairie
Just me & my angel
Just try & stop us
We're going to love
-Jim Morrison

I'll give you love unfolding, because, you are my muse.
Yet so afraid to even start, too scarred to have to lose.
Scared emotions, dwindling pride.
Impossible to run from, too deep to hide.
I'm a soldier left bleeding on the battle field of joy.
Ignorant orders that I alone must destroy.
I would give you love everything except sobriety tonight.
Because your presence is a substance that makes me feel so right.
I'd give you love unfolding, I'd give you skies divine.
Love is everything worth holding, I'll give you all of mine.
I'd give you the stars the heavens if I could.
If I could give you everything, please believe I would.
You've transformed into an angel in the presence of my mind.
I'm still searching for unfolding love, so very hard to find.
-Young Male Poet

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Your student government at work

By David Jackson
Student Senator

All too often when talking with students, after mentioning that I serve on the UAS Student government, I am asked what does the student government do? Even more harmful to my esteem is when I am asked what student government has done this year. Although our meetings are open to the public and all of our agendas and minutes are posted in the Mourant cafeteria, most students still remain unaware of the things student government does. Here are some of the things we've accomplished or been working on this year.

- * Homecoming activities and dance
- * Provide UAS student representation at all six Board of Regents meetings
- * Sold 100 discounted Perseverance Theater tickets
- * Sold 270 discounted Eaglecrest tickets
- * Provided CNN Headline News for the cafeteria
- * Fixed and used the scrolling marquee to keep students up to date on events
- * Solicited nine student discounts at local stores
- * Bought a button marker to allow easier spread of information and opinions

- * Sponsored a hypnotist, a Shakespearian one man show, the Banff Film Festival, and comedian Greg Fitzsimmons
- * Organized mail boxes for the UAS clubs
- * Donated \$50 to the Food Bank
- * Organized the state-wide student legislative conference
- * Bought kayak carts and spray skirts, head lamps, maps, first aid kits, snowboards, cross-country skis, compasses, binoculars, and other equipment for the ORC
- * Implemented a peer mentorship program and a Student Ambassador program
- * Presented student views to all three of the local Rotary clubs and the Juneau Chamber of Commerce

- * Registered six voters
- * Sent 78 Public Opinion Messages to legislators regarding university funding
- * Lobbied the legislature with President Hamilton, the Alumni Association, staff, faculty, and other UA student government leaders for a 16.3 million dollar increase to UA funding
- * Testified on behalf of the student body to the Legislative Finance committees
- * Is currently negotiating the purchase of a Student Union Building
- * Provides access to USUAS Vice President Clancy DeSmet in Spike's

At Tabby's
Wednesday, May 5
Cinco de Mayo celebration
Free munchies until they are gone
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7pm-12am
21 or older



The cutest li'l nipper ever, John Thomas

Photo by Wonder Russell

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Katherine the Great

When you walk by
It's like a vacuum is formed around me
My lungs go empty because of the instant pressure changes,
Leaving only desire.
To breathe.

My knees get weak
My stomach hurts
My eyes twitch
I want to rip off your shirt.

I want to throw you like a rag doll
On satin sheets, soft pillows and flower petals.
Make you feel like pieces of chocolate
Melting on a hot day.
I want to be the pocket you melt in, the wrapper.

If you were a peppermint stick
I'd die to be the red spiral.

You are like a box of Snickers
To a man on a small deserted island,
Only wilder, tastier, more nuts.

I'd fight the Three Musketeers with a golf pencil
If they were between us.

(And remember, the golf pencil is mightier than the sword)

--The Joet

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I'm going to go pee on some berries...

Do finals affect your dreams?

By the Whalesong Dream Scientist

Introduction: Repressed feelings, those nasty things. Circling around in our unconscious, always bumping into other stuff and not leaving a note to explain. Stirring up anxiety, suppression, apprehension, guilt, dread, perplexity. Oh how do we pull those troublesome little suckers out? Well, dreams help. They tell us what those feelings are and what to do about them. The problem is we are too unaware of our unconscious. One wouldn't get in a grader and start building a road on their first day at work. Yet we love to go for a drive. So do some labor first and work your way up to operator my inquisitive friend, write down your dreams. Tell your self during your conscious hours you'll start controlling your dreams. Get a signal, for instance, your hand. When you see your hand in your dream it means you are in control of the dream. And when you run into a repressed feeling, i.e., something scary, DON'T BE SCARED. Just say hey, what's going on?

The Good Stuff

Dear Dream Scientist,

I woke up and looked outside. Snowmobiles were running wild in the yard. One of the snowmobilers ran into the satellite dish and was gored by the steel prongs in the middle of it. In my real life I had been reading a magazine about safety equipment for snowmobiles.

Speed Dreamer

Dear Speedie,
You have turmoil in your unconscious. Could be your conscious life is too unorganized or that your emotional life is unbalanced or a combination of both. The riders represent parts of yourself and one getting gored means your unconscious thinks a part of you is living too close to the edge and needs a warning or it would like to rid itself of a certain aspect or trait. It's interesting that a satellite dish is your protector. Are you a fan of technology or is it possible, do you wish of owning a TV? Do you need to do some home improvements? Get a plan man, put your snow-

mobile on a long wide field of perfect conditions, then ride hard, soon you'll be seeing wildlife and northern lights.

Dear Dream Scientist,

I was training new employees about how to drive a bus. Then when I went to start my bus, the battery was dead. I got it started anyway and went driving but a bunch of things were wrong, including the brakes. I started going down a hill. Going fast, faster, got very scared, and woke up.

Cupcake Sprinkles

Dear Cupcake,

You are coming to realize that your actions have consequences and your friends aren't an answer to life's really big problems, especially finding your self. We are all drivers of our metaphorical bus and it's imperative we do maintenance ourselves to rest assured the trip will be smooth. And traveling is such good fun. Try to stay in your dreams. The bus isn't going to crash and kill you and even if it does it's a message that you're about to change, that's all. More probably, the bus would've ended up somewhere very cool, like a beach or forest. It's just a dream vehicle for your self. Your unconscious wants you to be more aware of your surroundings and begin listening to the signals in your head. Do this and you'll end up being the thoughtful, dynamic, interesting, intelligent and productive person that you are.

Dear Dream Scientist,

My friends were avoiding me. My best friend acted like she didn't trust me. Then my co-worker's six horses got loose and it was my fault. I got frustrated trying to call her and not getting through. Then I was in my best friend's back yard walking up a hillside. Suddenly there were the six horses. Two went back to the trailer. My co-worker's husband got control of the others. There were a bunch of Natives and they were involved in some traditional thing. At first I was scared but soon saw they were at peace and so, so was I. Then at the top of the hillside was a beautiful white and light green fuchsia, bathed in sunlight gently swaying although the ground around it was barren. I relaxed and decided to buy myself some flowers. The

horses were back.

Special Edition

Dear Specialized,

Wow. You have a troika, Natives, a huge flower, and six wild horses. Or would that be an octagon. Sorry I'm a scientist not a mathematician. The horses are your emotions, the Natives are your spirit and the flower is your high consciousness self. Getting them in one dream is very exciting. There's a lot of psychic energy in pyramids. The hillside is your unconscious and your walking around in it is quite a typical dream scenario. These hillsides, sometimes jungles, sometimes oceans or lakes, sometimes cars driving around is where the true adventure begins. The more time you can spend there the more you'll learn about yourself. As usual, some guilt feelings or anxiety or repressed desire comes along and keeps us from gaining depth and perception. In this case represented by the accusations that you are at fault. What did you do? Do you have a repressed emotion that needs expression in your conscious life? The friends in your dreams are parts of yourself. Why were they avoiding you? Your best friend is a large part of you that is disgruntled. Try to figure out why by using your dreams. Let them wander, develop. Sounds like you are on the right track. The husband catching the horses represents an authority figure. Your real best friend, your spouse or maybe yourself. I've always been a proponent of the "them horses need to run..." theory but there is the danger one or two may run away and not come back. I'm definitely anti-authority. A complex dream. You're a complex person. That's cool and high on the evolutionary scale. Use your dreams to decode your complexities. That's what dreams are for.

Conclusion: Too bad our schools don't teach more of this stuff. Maybe more of us would have happier, more satisfying lives. The answers are inside and dreams are the free tutor. Read your dream books and write a detailed summary. That's your assignment for this week. And don't skip class. You'll need at least a Bachelor's of Liberal Dreaming to do well in the real world of your self.

The Late-Night Comdedy (Morphinism)

The two had talked in long blue rooms
where the foiled herbs, in lilac lain,
disarrayed, by violet mushrooms,
beneath the drooping lamps, would drain.

—The midnight snow shone as
Diamonds in broken glass;
While centuries of the night
Fired down their deep despite.

That fevered evening, when the fuming noise
Of drizzly, gusty, cloudy, shady thoughts
Of nights re-living horrors nothing destroys,
Had crushed my heart down to some caved-in clots.

Immense simplicity's rivetting horror;
The brief flowers of memory—wasted, prone,
Nothing on but the light, on bathroom's floor
The boney heap of flesh like sweaty stone:

A ghastly, heavy marsh of phantasmal,
Dizzilying humid and vapid stings,
And the whole scene imbued with that dismal
Sense of trivial, incommunicable things...

The ceiling, circuits in the wall were latched
And crackling on my nerves; a fierce, hot drip
In thick, anguished fluids trickling, smashed;
Then my breath exhaust burning on my lip...

II

In dawning dreams as deep as seas,
While drinkers groan themselves asleep,
The city flowered through trees
Strung-out as hung-up sheep

Through flaking gypsum nenuphars
To ashen clouds that drip in ears,
Dull canyons barked at stars
Like firefly's shining tears

So mobsters checked around the room,
Of autumn's mountainous palace
That twists, a willow-bloom,
Or fleshly, soft chalice

By silver eyes, mystic like silk
Azures crossing on wooded ponds,
As high as roars, would milk
Your tundra mixed with fronds

Till foaming diamond-like snow's sill
Made twilight's flues quietly guard
These witches in this still
Factory, somewhat hard.

III

Afterwards, huge, open caverns
Draped by sickly brown sores that
Gaped, groaning, like some taverns
Spit-cans, had drawn me in their vat.

A pyramid was smoking by
An Alpine mountain, with old
Political-appearing, that is, cold,
Cross-legged people chanting, dry,

Foreboding, sonorous tales,
While wintry winds buried them
With matted, wet lashes, dim
And peeling like fishes scales.

Then darknesses bleeding, stars
All stuck in ice, and grey
Palace soldiers that tars
Streaked behind, crumbling like clay.

Breezes sang to the countries new
Chateaux gulped down by the filed mouth
Of muddy garden-blue
Distances in the south

Where, come from unknown orphanages,
With hair of flesh, her flesh a breath,

Her words ripening oranges,
Cool and white as if death

Her eyes were as magnificent
Sunsets in storm, troubling the sea
Whose easy, laughing scent
Formed corals from a lea

Her wicked, side-long, questing glance
Darted round corners to her lips
As a child throws his hands
Up simply as tulips

One warming smile from her opens
Out on doorways of flowing stars
So light, expanding, spins
Through isles wilder than Mar's

Reddish-colored seas ferry wells
Forever in a gentle shove
While crowds go catching bells
Blown from the one you love

IV

Stars cuffed, unwrapped by ice, were blades
to my thin pins of eyes that glare
in cinctures pied on this dust's hair
that's coiled through night's of Everglades—

The earth will fade—the seed of space
Will find its final home—to start
in early, warm surprise, we part
our port to seek to find our face—

Gossamer sunshine dissolving breath
In Mississippi freezes, sets—
Jungle's feverish calumets
With glacier's pale moraines of death

Refuse, chartering comet's trails,
Sounding explosions of midnight,
With capes breaking off in our sight
To rise on points that jar with sails—

Your body is a slip, your eyes
Are slides—these polar drifts are bright
With solar winds that dip their flight
While long, prolonged agonies rise—

My senses slowly feathering out
In lines—a monstrous cataclysm
Of roaring splinters, the prism
From faucet's shrinking, glow, burn-out—

Fading voices, in falling echoes, turn,
An amaryllis writhing round
Itself, composed of broken sound—
While golden flames of flesh burn, burn...

V

O budding blooming springing greening tree
That's sheathed by light beneath the open door
A kingdom's key was given me to grasp.
But for now watch the ravaged return home.



Happy Anya Alert!

Photo by Amelia Jenkins

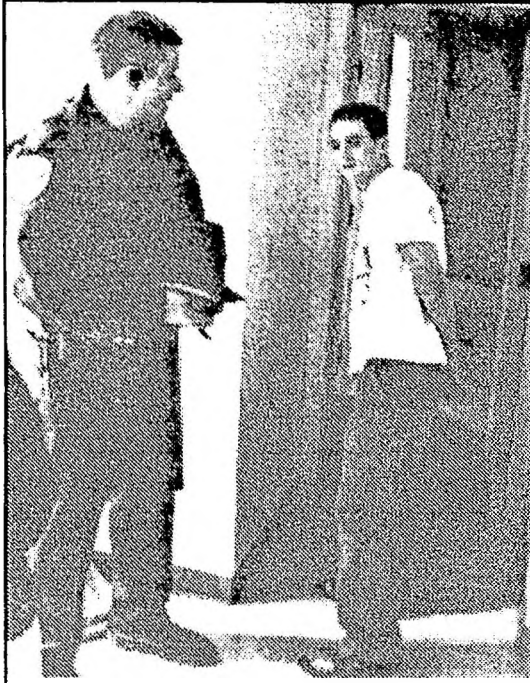


Photo by Kevin Gilday

A UAS student poses for a glamour shot with one of JPD's finest

*Beads of guilt glisten on my skin
and your condemnations give me chills
as they roll down my spine
into the small of my back
where he licks them up.*

*I'm trying to breath redemption
but all i get is his hot breath*

*...which is something so much more
beautiful.*

-Desdemona

Students' party crashes

By Joe Parnell
Whalesong Columnist

Sunday, April 25, 11:30 p.m. The light mist of a just-finished, long Juneau rain fills the air around a serene and somewhat stoic UAS Student Housing. Music can be heard coming from the inside of Apartment F2, which has a sign on the front door of birthday balloons and the catchphrase, "Party Headquarters", written on it. This reporter goes in to remind Party Headquarters CEO, one of my classmates, of the importance of doing his assignments. He complains of my neachiness. We discuss the issues of the day. Another student enters in a toga and crown of tree limbs. He entertains us with his wit and theatrical demeanor. Others in the room are talking. I go to the bathroom. Whilst doing my business, I sense a change. There are deep authoritarian voices in the apartment. Many feet shuffling. "Is anyone else in the apartment?" I hear from my cubby hole. Then suddenly a knock on my cubby hole door. "Be right out," I replied. Upon exiting, I turned towards the hallway and there was a very tall, very broad-shouldered Juneau policeman looking at me up and down. Into the main gathering near the kitchen I sauntered. The Knightwatch security told that "two males were seen crawling out the back window and running down the bike path." A policewoman smiled. Their friendly demeanor got four of the small enclave to admit to drinking during dinner. Being under 21, this led to their being handcuffed and cited. I left. The sight of carnage does not suit this reporter very well. A complaint about the noise in F2, one in a lengthy list of noise complaints this year, led to a CA identifying a student who is no longer allowed on Housing ground, which led to the intervention of the police. Who the two running males are, we will probably never know. They must be fast.

UAS Classifieds

Dear James; You can pick up your food stamps downstairs in the job service building.

Wanted: one sexy lass to bow down and worship me. Bring shrine and candles to audition.

\$0.99 special on old *Whalesong* copies. Act now, supplies are limited. These are hard to find items, real collector's editions!

Au revoir, gentle readers. We hope you had as much fun reading as we did bringing you news, cartoons, poems, horoscopes, photo spreads, and late-night madcaps. Don't spit into the wind and remember what the Beatles said: Strawberry fields forever! Have a good summer.

Thanks to Student Activities, Housing, and Global Connections for an eventful, fun and colorful International Faire. Thanks also to the groups who donated their time and creativity. Next year can only be bigger and better!

Wanted: Motivated, international minded student who loves activities, travel, and other cultures to be the adored leader of the most active student club on campus. Excellent opportunities await! Contact Elizabeth Schelle in the Novatney building.

Hey Kundun: Rolo Tomassi. You know who you are and what I mean.

Tish, Thaks for the letter. I was running out of toilet paper anyways.

Bull-dyke cop needed to regulate shop at Party Headquarters.

Party Headquarters liquidation sale! Faculty and police demand that everything goes. Including one illegal Korean refugee/dishwasher/party favor. Assortments of pimp suits half off. Korean rap music and R&B, seldom heard, it rocks! We'll cut you a deal; A place to live in exchange for all the stuff.

What the hell is Party Headquarters, anyway?!

--Bruce G.

Thanks, Mr Monogamy for all the fun and fire drills. But we're not going down for your irresponsibility, best believe. See you in Jersey. --4skin jimmie & pinto

Dear Kean; I think that couch had a weight limit. But don't worry, the school-bus wasn't running the next day. JDHS isn't open on Sundays.

Thanks for all the fun at the Spring Wing-Ding, but who the hell stole the tap? See you next year for round two.

Administration: please take it easy on the Orygone Boy; let the Coastie burn.

Bora: Be yourself. It's alright.

Hey Leah, I made you famous. Told ya so.

Hey Dave, can you give me a ride to court? --Jimmy

Rejuvenated Fabio seeks intelligent beauty to laugh at life. Must be well-endowed.

I fought the law and the law won.



Candidate Kean says,

"Be sure to vote Tuesday and Wednesday!"

(You didn't break your streak!)

This is the Production staff of Lucky 13 signing off.



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The UAS Drama Class presents:

A collection of monologues and scenes excerpted from:

*Fool For Love
Witness
The Lark
Sweet Eros
Miss Julie
Your Aged Man Charlie Brown
Little Murders
House of Blue Leaves
Easter*

Performed by:

*Brennan Halterman
Heather Paige
James Thornton
Calley Burton*

April 30, 3:30 pm, HEB 113



The fabulous women of the *Whalesong* thank random, unknown hotties for flashes of inspiration and moments of beauty this semester.